

## Substitute B 307

Chapter 307: Kiss Me, Hmm?

Jude Crawford refused, placing one hand by her side, carefully avoiding her high and protruding belly, while the other hand caressed her exquisite little face. "Didn't you just have a maternity checkup today? The doctor said everything is fine. I asked; it's okay to touch, as long as it's gentle."

With a loud "smack," Isabelle Willow raised her hand and slapped him. "You actually asked the doctor this question? Jude Crawford, do you have any shame?"

At that time she listened outside, her heart pounding anxiously. Who was this man? He was Jude Crawford!

Who dared to slap him? Probably only Isabelle Willow in this world!

Jude Crawford's handsome face was knocked to the side, and as he turned his face back, a layer of scarlet had already appeared in his deep and dark eyes. He pinched her petite face with his large hand and sneered, "Just try hitting me again? Do you want me to tie you up again?"

This sentence carried great intimidation, causing Isabelle Willow to quickly cease all struggles, clearly frightened by him.

Seeing her become obedient, Jude Crawford's expression improved a bit. He reached out to pull the blanket over their bodies and started kissing her again.

Isabelle Willow was pressed down; at that moment, standing outside, she couldn't see her little face, but soon, she heard restrained sobbing.

Isabelle Willow cried.

Zelda Willow had never seen Isabelle Willow cry. Isabelle Willow was very subdued, a cold and splendid prodigy who founded Fly Jewelry at 18. Her temperament was transcendent like an exiled fairy. It was the first time Zelda heard Isabelle cry.

Crying so sorrowfully.

That slight sobbing, like the sound of tightly clenched fists, emitted a restrained and hopeless cry that resonated in one's eardrums, making one's heart break.

Jude Crawford's tall body suddenly stiffened. He stopped moving, looked down at the woman beneath him, and then cupped her small face with his large hands. His hoarse voice carried a trace of panic, urgency, and confusion, "Baby, why are you crying, hmm?"

The term "baby" was soft and affectionate, making one's eardrum tingle.

Isabelle Willow pushed at his big hands as she cried, ignoring him.

"Why are you crying?" Jude Crawford kissed away the tears on her face, asking in a low and hoarse voice, "Is marrying me, being with me so aggravating?"

Isabelle Willow continuously pushed him, her sobs mingling with cries, "You're pressing me so painfully... go away..."

Jude Crawford did not move, maintaining his position of superiority. Even though he trapped her beneath him, he was already carefully avoiding her belly.

She cried out in pain just as an excuse, not wanting him to touch her.

Isabelle Willow buried her small face in the pillow, crying incessantly.

Jude Crawford's handsome face gradually darkened. Her crying made him irritable and a little restless, causing him to withdraw,

entering the bathroom to take a cold shower.

Soon he returned, wearing a black silk pajama, and the loosely tied belt conveyed a sense of mature sensuality.

Isabelle Willow lay on the bed, and he flipped her over, letting her lie on his strong chest.

His big hand cupped the back of her head, pressing her lips to his handsome face, "Kiss me, hmm?"

Isabelle Willow refused.

"I was planning to let you off, but if you keep misbehaving, don't blame me for being unkind. I've held back long enough. If you don't satisfy me tonight, I'll remember it."

Isabelle Willow's wet and long eyelashes trembled, and under his threat, she unwillingly kissed his lips.

Jude Crawford, holding her, enjoyed her kiss and curled his lips, lavishing sweet talk on her, "Alright, don't cry. Tell me what you want, and I'll fulfill it. Even if you want the stars, I'll find a way to get them for you."

Isabelle Willow lay on his chest, tearful eyes looking at him, her voice choked, "Can you let me go? I don't like you. I don't want to be with you... Someday I will escape, making sure you can't find me."

Jude Crawford swallowed, closing his eyes, "It's okay if you don't like me, I like you. You just have to endure it; don't keep thinking about escaping. If you escape, I'll hand your son over to your sister Zelda Willow to raise, letting your son call her mommy. You couldn't bear to leave your son, could you?"

Isabelle Willow's tearful pupils suddenly shrank, her small hand rested on her high and protruding belly, filled with reluctance and unwillingness, "Jude Crawford, you mustn't touch my son."

"Then don't make me angry. Your son's status depends entirely on your attitude towards me!"

...

Zelda Willow closed her eyes, freeing herself from distant memories, her body covered in cold sweat.

In her impression, in everyone's impression, Jude Crawford, the master of the Crawford family, had always been the favored child of destiny, receiving the most orthodox education, flowing with noble blood. With these years of accumulation, he grew increasingly deep and profound, devoid of any worldly atmosphere, let alone... desire.

He was also indifferent to her, never mentioning love.

But only Zelda Willow knew it was all a façade. Jude Crawford liked women.

He looked at Isabelle Willow with a very blatant gaze, and back then, he stayed in Jill's room every night, regardless of whether Isabelle Willow was pregnant, sick, or having her period. All a bloodthirsty, normal man's desires he unleashed upon Isabelle.

Isabelle Willow often called him a beast.

If she hadn't personally witnessed it, perhaps she too would have been fooled by this man's unmatched aristocratic elegance, but removing all outward appearances, he was no different from other men, being fierce and wicked in bed.

Jude Crawford only had Isabelle Willow, staying with her for a very long time, never tiring. He never glanced at the many women outside. He couldn't leave Jill's room; his life back then revolved between the company and Jill's room, with occasional necessary business trips.

All of this made Zelda Willow deeply envious, envious to the point of madness. Though she was the esteemed mistress of the Crawford family, admired by outsiders for her luck, believing she had obtained all they dreamed of, who knew she spent every night alone, living a widow's life for twenty years.

"Jude, I know saying this might upset you, but Isabelle truly doesn't like you. On the night of your wedding, it was her who made me to enter the bridal chamber with you, wanting to escape was her too, making me take her place to become Mrs. Crawford!"

Jude Crawford remained utterly expressionless, though he had reached fifty, a man's emotions no longer evident, yet mentioning the wedding day, he lowered his handsome gaze.

He knew Isabelle Willow didn't like him.

He forced her to marry him.

Back then, the Willow family had business dealings with Crawford Group, and when there was trouble in those deals, the Willow family needed to pay billions of dollars to Crawford Group.

It was snowing that day; a nineteen-year-old girl, dressed in a short white down jacket, knelt at the Crawford family's door. She knelt for a long time; her little hands were frozen red and stiff, yet she remained kneeling, her slender back always straight.